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LETTER
TO THE
French King,
BY
A Non-Juror :
Dedicated to the PRETENDED
Prince of Wales.

L O N D O N ,

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ЛЕНТЕНЯ

ЕНТО

Ленченко King

BY

Ленченко

Dedicated to the British and



British Museum

London

Presented to Mr. Wm. H. Fox, Esq., by the
British Museum, 1871.

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the Epistle DEDICATORY, and
and to drayg'd soft to THE pretended H
Pretended KING of WALES.

PROS IR,

YOU are much beholden to the French
and French King, for he has given you Three
Kingdoms, and other large Domi-
nions Annext to them, when you can Catch
them : But I must deal plainly with you,
if you had them, he wou'd be the first that
would take them from you : If he Swears
the Contrary on all the Mass-Books in
France, I wou'd not Believe him. For
Lying, and Breach of Faith, and Promi-
ses, are as Natural to him, as to his
Great Master the Devil, that Taught
him. This Old Doctor, Preach'd the same
Doctrine to your pretended Father ; but
when he was strictly Begirt with the Con-
federates, and saw his Coffers much
Drain'd, and all things ran Retrograde to
his Wishes, he looks about in all haste, and

The Epistle Dedicatory.

leaves Poor Jemmy to Sink or Swim :
 He Solemnly Swore, in the heighth of his
 Prosperity, that he wou'd not Sheath his
 Sword, till he had restor'd him to his lost
 Throne. But when he saw his Ships on
 Fire, and his Enemies Battering down his
 Seaport Towns, the Old Fox Cryes Peccavi,
 and he throws King James by, as an useless
 piece of Lumber, and patches up a Peace in
 all haste, with King William, and sends
 his Embassadors to Court, to Compliment
 him ; To the Heart breaking of the better
 half of the Jacobites in England, and the
 Poor dejected Teagues in Ireland, who sent
 him as many bitter Curses, as there are
 Dubloons in Spain. He had better have
 bound you Apprentice to some Bricklayer in
 France, that you might have Learn'd your
 own Daddy's Trade, than to have Proclaim'd
 you King of No-Land : For England ne-
 ver Lov'd him so well, as to take a King
 of his Recommending.

And so I rest,

T. D.

LETTER TO THE French King, &c.

Above all the Princes that have Reign'd in Europe, for many Ages past, Lewis XIV. has made himself the most Famous, or rather, most Infamous Monarch, his Ambition is Boundless, and he sticks at nothing, to enlarge his Dominions; *Fraud, Falshood, Treachery, Bribery, Hostility, Perjury*, though never so Dishonourable in themselves, are made use of to carry on his base designs; a Solemn Vow to other Crowned Heads, he can as easily break, as the Flame of a Candle, a piece of Slender Pack-thread, therefore let the World Judge, how justly he Merits the Title of *most Christian King*: No Courts can Bind him, nor no Reason restrain him, he has neither a Regard to Honour, nor Honesty, *Sic volo, Sic Jubeo*, is the Rule he Walks by; in King Charles IX. Reign, his Subjects were Reckon'd to Twenty Millions in Number, but how much less are they now, by his Cruelty and Oppression, all Countries Swarms with his discontented Subjects; tho' we mast own he has much inlarged his Dominions, and extended his Limits: Rheims never Crown'd a more Irreligious and Faithless King. Cardinal Richelieu, having ordered as exact a Supputation as could be well made, Bragg'd that France might Furnish Six Hundred Thousand Foot, and an hundred and Fifty Thousand Horse; but the World well knows, that his violent Persecution of his poor Protestant Subjects, has made it much Thinner, there were formerly Dukes, Counts, and other Lords in France, that were very Powerful; who though they paid the King Homage, Obey'd him but when they

A Letter to the F. King.

they thought fit ; now there is no such thing, all those Lands being incorporated into the *Domains* of the Crown ; the *Dutchies* and *Counties*, now being only Lordships, honour'd with the Specious Titles, without Sovereignty, or Jurisdiction. And *Richelieu* and *Mazarine*, so Weakn'd the other Gentry, that they are scarce a shadow of what they were : The Duration of this Monarchy, is Reckon'd Thirteen Hundred Years, and *Lewis* the Fourteenth, the Sixty Fourth King ; as may be seen in the present State of *France* : The Reign of this King, has been but too long, if we consider, with what Violence he has Sway'd the Scepter : As much as in him lay, he has Ruin'd those Friendly and Dutiful Subjects, that set the Crown on his Head.

. *Indonet* H

Ingrateful *Lewis*, what wilt thou Live for ever ?
 And shall thy numerous days Terminate never ?
 Arise O Lord, take vengeance on thy Foe,
 Why art thou slack to Execute the Blow ?
 Thy longing Servants, wait to see his end,
 For there's no hopes he's ever like to mend.
 Let this Blood Thirsty *Monarch* fall before thee,
 That all thy Faithful Servants may Adore thee
 Some Groan in Gallies, others Starve in Goal,
 Ready to think, Mercy begins to Fail.
 But Thou hast heard their sighs, and seen their Tears,
 Their Groans reach Heaven, and thy Divinest Ears.
 Pour down the vials of thy Indignation,
 And smite the Ruler of this hated Nation.
 Unsheath thy Sword, and make thy Arm now bare,
 And in thy wrathful vengeance let him share :
 He has been often Drunk with thy Saints Blood ;
 He never was, nor never will be Good :
 His nature, and desire, is to do Evil,
 For he's spur'd on by Priests and by the Devil.

How violent has he been, in Ruining the best of his Subjects,
 to set up his *Dagm* ? What Rivers of Blood has he Shed, to
 bring

525.

A Letter to the F. King.

bring the Poor Protestants to Truckle to the Hazel ? What Plots and Counterplots, has he not been Guilty of, to Destroy the best of our Protestant Princes ? He has sent out his Mercenary Blood-Hounds with Open Mouths, to Devour the most virtuous King that ever sat on the English Throne : The Vilest of Villains, of all Countries, have been employ'd to take away the Life of King William the Third ; when his open Violence cou'd not take Effect, how many secret Stratagems has he made use of, in vain ? But our Glorious Prince stands like an immov'd Rock, Guarded by Angels, whilst he is Tampering with the worst of Men and Devils, to lay him Low ; this most Christian King, has most Uncchristian like, sent to the very Turk for his Assistance, to Ruine him, but all in vain, *Sicut deus Nobiscum, quis Contra nos*, if God be for him, who can be against Him ? And Oh ! How eminently has the Almighty appear'd for him notwithstanding all the Malicious Contrivances against him, He has been his Guide by Day, and his Guard by Night, his Buckler and his Shield, so that it may be truly said, that no Weapon form'd against him, can Prosper : How did he Baffle St. Ruth, and the Teagues in Ireland, with a handful of Men, at the Seige of Derry ? How were his Enemies scatter'd like Sheep without a Shepherd ? Or rather, if we may look back at his Landing in England, what a small number did he Approach the English Shore with ? And yet what a Terror did they beget in the Hearts of King James's Forces ? We may almost say, *the Wicked fly when none pursue* ; they were next to none ; for what are Twelve Thousand, tho' of *Hogen Mogen* breed, consider'd with an Army of at least Fifty Thousand well Arm'd, and well Mounted, and well Disciplin'd Men ? We may well say this of the Lords doings, and Marvelous in our Eyes : What Victories can the French King boast of, since King William got the English Crown ? He has by his great Wisdom, Prudence, and Conduct, put a Hook in the Leviathans *Nostris*, he has set Bounds to his Ambition, and Curb'd the Aspiring Phaeton, he has Clipt the Wings of the Torriing Eagle, and put him to all the little shifts of Racking his Subjects, Bribing his Allies, and Tampering with his Assassines ; 'tis true indeed, that Great Monarch has made a large Step into Flanders, but how ? By any Bold Attempt, by a fair Field Fight, and putting his Enemies to Flight ; no, but rather like a Burglary Committed in the Night, surprizing our Credulous Princes.

A Letter to the F. King.

Who believ'd a Crowned Head, could not go about to break the many Links of his Solemn Vows and Protestations ? Who, whilst nothing but Peace, Peace, came out of his Mouth, was then Hatching and Contriving the Basest of Villanies in his Heart ; and putting them by stealth in Execution ; what King, but King Lewis, the First Peace maker, cou'd be the first Peace Breaker ? Will after Ages believe, that ever such a Monster of a King Sway'd the Scepter in *France* ? It will cause the Ears of all that hear it in future Story, to Tingle ; He has no more Faith, nor Honour in him, than the vilest Profligate Wretch that ever Liv'd since *Adam* ; no Sacred Vow, no Solemn Oath, can Bind him, nor nothing but the Sword can Humble ; and I hope, before the Emperor Sheathes his Sword, he'll bring him as low in *France*, as he is in Esteem with all the Princes of the Universe. Nothing can Content him, but to be Emperour of the whole World, he's so vain, that he has been heard to say, there shall be but one God and one King, and so Ambitious, that he Fancies he shall be that Unparalleled Monarch. But wait a few Years, and I doubt not, but you will find him Truckle to the Emperor, as low as his Predecessors have done to the Kings of *England*. See how his Perfidious Actions Thrive in *Germany*, where four Thousand at a time become Sacrifices to four Hundred. May we not justly Conclude the Hand of God is against him : Is there a Skirmish, but were the *French* return by Weeping Cross ? I fancy he'll have little occasion to trouble his Lazy Priests, with *Te Deums*. The Duke of *Savoy* begins to be sick of his Bargain, and the King of *Portugal* wishes he cou'd know how to disperse those impending Clouds, that threaten his Ruine, his dear bought Allies Repent their Bargain, and are ready like *Judas*, to Pay back the price of their Folly, and Wickedness : In a little time you shall find them all start from the Bands they are Linkt with, and serve him with the same Treachery he us'd to other Princes, he has his Handful at home, and his Heartful too, and Frets to find his Enemies so Vigilant, that he can no way make further Discoveries of his Treachery ; Fain wou'd he Bribe, but cannot, all he can do, is to get a few *Mercenary* Wretches to venture a Hanging, to set a *Magazine*, or a few *Hay-Stacks* on fire, as at *Maastricht*.

as at *Maastricht* *Magazine* *Hay-Stacks* *Fire* *Wretches* *Venture* *Hanging* *Mercenary* *Enemies* *Vigilant* *Discoveries* *Treachery* *He* *can* *do* *all* *he* *can* *not* *is* *to* *get* *a* *few* *Wretches* *to* *venture* *a* *Hanging*, *to* *set* *a* *Magazine*, *or* *a* *few* *Hay-Stacks* *on* *fire*, *as* *at* *Maastricht* *Magazine* *Hay-Stacks* *Fire* *Wretches* *Venture* *Hanging* *Mercenary* *Enemies* *Vigilant* *Discoveries* *Treachery* *He* *can* *do* *all* *he* *can* *not* *is* *to* *get* *a* *few* *Wretches* *to* *venture* *a* *Hanging*, *to* *set* *a* *Magazine*, *or* *a* *few* *Hay-Stacks* *on* *fire*, *as* *at* *Maastricht* *Magazine* *Hay-Stacks* *Fire* *Wretches* *Venture* *Hanging* *Mercenary* *Enemies* *Vigilant* *Discoveries* *Treachery* *He* *can* *do* *all* *he* *can* *not* *is* *to* *get* *a* *few* *Wretches* *to* *venture* *a* *Hanging*, *to* *set* *a* *Magazine*, *or* *a* *few* *Hay-Stacks* *on* *fire*, *as* *at* *Maastricht* *Magazine* *Hay-Stacks* 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*few* *Wretches* *to* *venture* *a* *Hanging*, *to* *set* *a*

A Letter to the F. King, &c.

5

Poor *Lewis*, now thy Crest begins to fall,
Thou hast got Enemies the *Devil* and all ;
Skew up thy Subjects to the greatest height,
There's not a Soul dare say, but thou dost right.
Advance their Money, seize their sweet Estates,
Bring in full Coffers to thy Pompous Gates ;
All is too little now to serve thy turn,
Make *French* uneasy, and the *Spaniards* mourn ;
I fancy they'll have little cause to Sing,
It was not God, but thou gave them a King :
In haste thou sent him, thou'll repent at leisure,
For thou'll Consume both thine and his Rich Treasure.
Methinks I see our *English* Ships all wait,
To be a Convoy for the *Spanish* Plate,
What then must next be done, when that is got,
Call *Hell* for *Council*, and another *Plot*.
Let thy Old Mrs. *Maintenon* assist,
For she's as fly a *Trull* as ever *Pist* ;
Call *Jesuits*, and old Friend *Port Carero*,
To help to Comfort our declining *Hero* ;
Call Scatter'd *Jacobites* to lend their Aid,
Since Purse and strength, ill Practices all Fade.
Crown a pretended Prince of *Wales*, Proclaim
Thy Folly, more in making great his Name ;
Set up that little *Idol* for a Crown,
And all at once let's see you Tumbling down :
For how is't possible that you should stand,
Against the Power of an Almighty Hand ?
Both God and Man against you now Conspire,
The Devil speaks you great, but he's a Liar,
And now I think on't, what a *Master-piece* of *Policy* was that,
of disowning King *James* to be King of *England*, and yet set
up that little *Musheroon*, his Son. It will Puzzle the greatest
Wits

A Letter to the F. King.

Wits, to find out the Mystery of this Stratagem. Most People imagine, *Lewis* is now in his doting Years ; he has been all his Life a Knave, and now he's turn'd Fool. He can Play, Fast, and Loose, with e're a Sweetner in *England*. The Devil has long Taught him the practice of Dissimulation, and the *Irish* Officers have Taught him the art of Equivocation ; Who shall Teach him the Lesson of Prevarication ? or Urge him to take his Folly into serious Consideration ? How does he think King *William* will resent the Affront, in pretending to dispose of his Crown to a *Bricklayers Son* ? Surely the time will come, that he'll take vengeance on that Faithless King, for all the indignities receiv'd from him : *Imprimis* for assisting his Rebellious Subjects in *Ireland*. *Item*, for setting up an Abdicated King against him. *Item*, for sending so many Russians to Destroy him. *Item*, for all your sly *Plots*, that were almost as soon discover'd as Hatcht. *Item*, for your designes to seize *Holland*, as well as *Flanders*. *Item*, for making a New King of *Spain*, to disturb all the Princes in *Christendom*. *Item*, for Fallifying your Solemn Covenant, made and Confirm'd at *Refwick*.

There will come a day of Reckoning, and a day of Revenge, but Matters are hardly Ripe for Execution ; you may Cry out *Peace, Peace*, till suddain *Destruction* overtakes you : Will God let you Reign thus Uncontrollably in your Cruelty and Fraud ? No, the Emperour (tho' one of your own Religion) God has made an Instrument to hasten your Ruine ; and your Neighbours, the *Dutch*, may expect to come in for a Snack, and make you Spue out the Spanish Territories in *Flanders* : King *William* will be Remburst for all his Military Charges, and every True-born *Englishman* Itches for an opportunity to repay his Treachery in his own Coyn. And the Numerous Frame of your Banisht Subjects, that were Banisht from their Estates, because of their Religion, by one that never had any Religion in him, are not without hopes of sitting once more peaceably in their own Possessions : Surely no King, nor Kingdom, but will be glad to see the Downfal of your self, the Prince of Tyrants.

And

A Letter to the F. King,

529.
7

And next to you, your Brother Savoy, may as justly come in for a Snack, as the *Landlord* that divided the Spoil with the *Highway-Man* : His Covetous Treachery will be Repaid, and that most deservedly ; and so will all I hope, that so Barely and Cowardly let us our most Noble *Allies* in the *Lurch*.

The Blood of the Poor French Martyrs, calls loudly for Vengeance ! And thô God has *Leaden Heels*, (as some have been pleased to take the Liberty to Write) yet He has *Iron Hands*, and a *Severe Whip* for the Old French Tyrant, that is so harden'd in his Impiety, that nothing can Awaken him out of his Stupidity : Neither the Cryes of the Poor Starv'd Christians, that fill your Goals with daily Complaints, nor the intollerable Sufferings, and Groans of the *Gally-Slaves*, that suffer for Conscience sake : *How long Lord, how long, shall the Rod of the Wicked lye upon the Backs, of the Righteous ? Make haste, and make inquisition for the Innocent Blood of thy Servants : Let God arise, and Scatter his Enemies, and put them speedily to Confusion ; that those that fear thy Name, may Laugh at their Calamity, and Cry, Ha, Ha, so would we have it : Great is their Anguish, and Tribulation.*

O let their Cry come before thee, and in thy due time, Relieve them from their Oppression : The very *Heathens* are out-done, by these pretended Christians in their *Barbarity* ; they that know not *God*, wou'd even Blush to see their *Cruelty* to their Fellow Creatures : Are these of the Stock of *Abraham* ? No, rather the Brethren of *Cain* : Are these the infallible Companions of *St. Peter* ? Nay, rather the Servants of the Devil, that goes about like a Roaring Lyon, seeking whom he may devour.

How many Thousands of Families are laid Waste, by such a Barbarous *Nero* ? How many have Perisht by your *Priest-Ridden Officers* ? Surely God will hear the Prayers of their Afflicted Brethren, who often send up their Sighs and Groans in their behalf : In thy due time, O Lord, let a stop be put to this *French* Torrent of Blood ; to Speak Ironically, Go on, *Monsieur le Roy*, Drink the Blood of the Saints ; Thirst after the Purple Gore of the Righteous, *Satia Te Sanguine Cyre*, but know that for all this, it will be Bitterness in the end;

A Letter to the F. King.

the very Dregs of Divine Vengeance shall fall to your share ; the Cup of Indignation will be given thee at thy Dissolution ; and thou shalt Drink, and not be satisfied ; Thirst, and not be Quenched : The Murthered Saints, and Martyr'd Protestants, shall see thee afar off, as *Lazarus* did *Dives*, in Tormenting Flames, Begging a drop of Water to Cool the Heat of that Scorching Sulphurous Fire, and yet shall deny thee, and not only so, but Laugh at thy Calamity : When fear and Anguish, Horrour, and Darkness, comes upon thee, then shalt thou Vainly call for Caves to hide thee, and Mountains to cover thee, and keep thee from the Fierce Anger of the Lord.

Not a Draught of *Burgundy*, nor a Drop of *Champaign*, will be had, for Ten times the value of thy large Dominions. If God has not Seal'd you up for Destruction, Labour to prevent his Indignation, by speedy Repentance, before it be too late ; you have Spent at least Threscore Years, in all manner of Wickedness, and made work enough for Repentance ; and 'tis to be fear'd, you have harden'd your self against God, and the Gospel of Jesus Christ, for you seem to Triumph in Persecution ; and to Glory in Trampling on the People of God, without any Remorse of Conscience : Consider, God will not be Mock'd, for as ye Sow, so shall you Reap ; if you sow to the Flesh, and delight in Cruelty, and matchleſs Barbarity, God will soon, and certainly find you, and let you pay dearly for every drop of the precious Blood of his Saints, that you have shed ; it will avail you nothing, to blame the *hot-spur Priests*, and *miffed Jesuits*, at the day of Judgment ; they may persuade you to act Tyrannically, and *Extirpate Heresy*, and tell you by doing so, you do God good service ; but they cannot Compel you, the Sin is more yours, than theirs ; but neither of you, shall escape the Rod of his Wrath. Kings are but Men with God, though Gods on Earth ; the Soul that Sins shall dye, and your Sins are of a deep dye, of a Scarlet Colour, and nothing but the Blood of Jesus, can wash off the Blood of the Saints, that you have for a long time Stain'd your Precious Soul, with : If you wou'd offer Ten Thousand Rams, and Ten times Ten Thousand Rivers of *Oyl* for an Atonement, and add to them your Fifty Thousand *Cities*, it will avail you no more, than a drop of Water, to quench Hells unquenchable

fire ;

534.

A Letter to the F^t. King.

91

Fire; all your Sprinkling of Holy water, will do you no more good than the Snuff of a Candle in a Candle! Your Priest Absolution, will be of no more value than a Feather in a Fools Cap.

Consider, time is short, your Glass near Run,
And it's long since, your Wickedness begun:
It's high time to Repent, and shake of Sin,
And a New Life of Holiness begin.
Let the World see that you have some Repentance,
Before the Lord Proclaims the Dreadful Sentence
For when that's once pronounced, all hopes are past,
You have no chance, no other Dice to cast:
You'll find no Foolish Midway, *Purgatory*,
But, you will find that a Poor Priestly Story:
It must be Heaven or Hell, must be your Lot,
And if you find the latter place too hot,
Not all the *Lewis d' Os*, that you have Coyn'd,
Nor all Priests Prayers, with Absolution joyn'd,
Can alter your sad State, nor all Priests Charms,
Can free you from Prince *Pluto*'s Griping Arms,
If once it be your Lot to go to Hell,
In that sad place, you must for ever dwells,
And there no Eye, shall pity your Distress,
Now is the time, or never to Confess;
Now is the time, to change your Wretched State,
And time being past, you can't Revoke your Fate.

Then Sir, seriously consider what service a few thumbling *Mass*-Mongers can do you, if you dye in your Sins, and are sent to the Bottomless Pit, all the *Popes* and *Priests* that have been made, or Consecrated since *Adam*, can no more alter your Intollerable Estate, than I can pluck the Morning Star from the Firmament: And consider, if you die in a State of Impenitency, how great the Aggravation of your Circumstances shall be, from *Lewis le Grand*, to be *le Grand Diable*; from the greatest Monarch in *Europe*, to be the Miserablest Wretch in Hell; *France* can hardly contain your

A Letter to the F^t King.

your Boundless Ambitious Humour now, but if you harden you self against God, a little Hole, and a great Fire, shall be you Everlasting dwelling, and, who can dwell in everlasting Burnings ? Who can dwell with devouring Fire ? Can you Grapple with the Almighty ? Can you Dragoon him out of his Throne ? Can you Arm your hundreds of Thousand French Soldiers, against the God of Battle ? Or can you Cheat him, as the Priests Cheat you ? Will your Prefidiousness and Treachery avail you any thing, at the day of Judgment, when Troops of Mattyr'd Saints shall rise up in Judgment against you, and charge you home with thou art the Man ! Thou art the Man, that Dragoond my Poor Family for my Zeal to God ! Thou art the Man that sent out thy Edicts to deprive me of my Estate, for Worshiping the true God ! Thou art the Man that sent me to finish my days with Groans, and Sorrow, in the Gallies, till Tyr'd out of Life by thy Vassals Cruelty ! Thou art the Man that sent me to Goal, to Spin out my Tedious Life, for not complying with the Worship of a Breden God, and Bowing the Knee to Baal ! Thou art the Cruel, Unmerciful, and Tyranical King, that brought me to the Rack, and Death, for not conforming to thy unreasonable, and ungodly Laws !

Oh then, how Blank will our most Christian King,
 Look at th' Indictments, which his Subjects bring :
 How Mute and Silent, will his Royal Mouth,
 Be at the hearing of so great a Truth :
 How will he hang his Head, and sneak for shame,
 Whilf they so justly charge him with this Blame ?
 What can he Plead to this Indictment Read ?
 Will he be able to hold up his Head ?
 Ah ! No, the Truth will then so plain appear,
 That he will wish him Deaf, least he should hear :
 What, will he blame his Counsellors of State ?
 They will stand by to share in his sad Fate :
 Or, will he blame the Jesuites, and Priests ?
 Their fate Alas ! Will be far Worse than Beasts :
 Beasts

A Letter to the F. King.

11

633.

Beasts dye, and there's an end of all their pain,
But *Pluto* must o're him for ever Reign,
In the hot Regions of eternal Fire,
Which never shall extinguish, or expire :
The Devil his Master, then must pay his Wage,
Not with *Pistoles*, but with his Flaming Rage.
How will he Curse the day that gave him Birth,
And sadly think of his Ungodly Mirth ?
He made a sport of Blood whilst here on Earth :
His Brother *Herod*, that unthinking Ass,
That gave *John Baptist's* Head to's dancing Lads,
Out of a Frolick, may shake hands with him,
Whilst not in Blood, but Brimstone they shall Swim ;
They'll dearly pay for that dear Blood they shed,
One for his Subjects, th' other for *St. John's* Head :
Saints Blood's a Trifle, with the King of *France*,
And Hell and Judgment looks like a Romance :
But time will come, they will know better things,
When the Grave opens, and their Conscience Stings,
One Saint is worth ten Thousand such like Kings,
If a Saint's Tears are in Gods Bottle kept,
Those tears which they in persecution Wept ;
How precious then, will be that dear spilt Blood,
Which such vile Kings have shed for their being good ?

But methinks I hear you Sir, cry out with the *Welchmen* of Old, *let her alone till that day comes*, Wicked Men hate to be Reform'd, and cannot endure self Examination, they are for putting the evil day afar of, but can they seriously think that justice will Sleep, and Vengeance be forgotten ? Can they suppose that the good, and the bad, shall be equally dealt with by the Omnipotent God, that has so great a Regard for his Saints, that he has promis'd to make them up as Jewels ? Surely how ever they are now infatuated, their Eyes will be open'd, and they shall see, and know, that God will not be Mocked, or sham'd with a Blind Excuse : Nor will he defer his Judgment and Execution, *for*

A Letter to the F. King.

for a thought we had done God good service, in Compelling our Subjects to Worship him, *à la mode à Francoi*. Can *Lewis* the Great think he can Battle the great King of Kings, with as much ease as he can the *European* Princes, that can make a firm League with them this Year, and break it the next? No Sir, he that can search the Hearts, and try the Reins, will easily find out your Villany, and give *Cesar* his due; *can thine Hand be strong in the day that I shall deal with thee?* Says God, will you then put Confidence in an Arm of Flesh, or an Army of Men, or in the Multitude of Riches: Alas! They will be but as Reeds to lean upon; which will break and wound the Hand.

Consider this, all ye that forget God, least he tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver you: God will Reckon with you, for all the Mercies you have had; for all the Principalities you have enjoy'd, for all the Treasures he has bestow'd upon you, and how they have been Disburst; will it be enough to say so much was spent in setting up the *Popes* Church, and beating thine down? So much was spent for the support of Satan's Synagogues, and Ruining thy Church and People! So much was laid out in Dragooning Hereticks, and placing Idols for Will Woship? So much was spent in Bribeing Governours, to betray their Trust, for the Subversion of the Enemies of our Church? So much was spent in Crucifixes, to adorn our Altars; and so much on Goalers, to Tyranize over the *French* Hugonets? So much was spent on a parcel of Lazy *Monks*, *Fryars*, *Priests*, and *Jesuites*, to Lull our Subjects asleep, lest they should wake to trouble our Kingdom, and Satans, with more warm Zeal, and Religion, than we cou'd endure? If such excuses will Prevail, go on, and turn your *Mas-Houses*, into Brothel Houses, and let Madam *Maintenon* be Mistress General over them: And say, *if this be Vile, I will be yet more Vile*: I'le make my Altars smoak with the Bodies of the Stiff-Necked Hereticks; and wherever I see Zeal begin to Burn, I'le quench it with their Blood; I'le turn *France* into a Wilderness, rather then suffer one devout Christian to Live in it, and turn my *Vines* into *Thorns*, and my *Grapes* into *Bramble-berries*: Such expressions Sir, are suitable to the Actions of your *most Unchristian Majesty*: Say with *Jeroboam's* Son, my Father *Lash* you with *Rods*, but I'le Scourge with *Scorpions*, and make *noised* bus *scaring* bus *and* *roaring* bus *illw* *tori*: *crusxi* *bn* *my*

635.

A Letter to the F. King, &c. 13

my self Drunk with the Blood of the Slain : Some gain a Name by *Mercy*, but I'll enlarge my Fame by *Cruelty*, and thus, and thus, shall Future Ages Report, Great *Lewis* has done. I am a Stranger to Religion, and desire to continue so ; I'll make the World tremble, at the Repitition of my Actions, and if I miss of Heaven, I shall be sure to be the Right-hand on *Belzebub*'s Throne. My *Study* is to be *Great*, let them that will *Study* to be *Good*. I'll be *aut Cesar, aut Nullus, Cesar or none* ; the greatest Prince on Earth, or no Prince at all. My aspiring Thoughts ramble as far as *Italy*, and reach over *Spain* and the *Indies* : I'll swallow *Holland*, and digest *England* : And even here my Ambition shall not end ; for I'll make the Grand *Signior* Cringe, and the Great *Mogull* Tremble ; the King of *China* shall pay Tribute, and the King of *Persia* Homage ; and I'll make the King of *Poland*, the King of *Sweedland*, *Denmark*, *Portugal*, and *Morocco*, my Foot-boys.

But, hold ! thou bold *Belshazzar*, dread thy Fall,
And see th' Hand-writing on thy tott'ring Wall,
Thou'rt weigh'd, and found too light, the Gods on high
Will clip thy Wings, so as thou shalt not fly :
Thy tow'ring Heart will sink, thy Load's too great,
Thou hast already a too pond'rous Seat,
Death hastens fast to trip up both thy Feet :
And great will be thy Fall, in some short time,
For all thy lofty Thoughts are so Sublime,
God has Decreed thy Fall, for all around thee
New Foes arise, on purpose to confound thee :
On ev'ry side there is some King or other,
Ready to fall upon their Treach'rous Brother ;
Thou hast provok'd them to take Sword in Hand,
And all thy Armies now are at a stand :
Thy pow'rful leet will very soon Decay,
And *Dutch* or *English* will make them a Prey :

Guard well thy Grandson's Flota, or else fear
The *Spanish Plate* will very soon be here,
And thy Ambitious Pride will cost thee dear.
One fatal Blow, such as thou hadst of late,
Ruins thy Shipping, and thy *Spanish Plate* ;
And poor *Anjou* must be forc'd back again,
By the *Grandees*, from his new Crown in *Spain*.

Mocking's catching, Monsieur *Lewis*, and many a true Word is spoken in Jest ; Poets are often Prophets, and I think few would be angry, or resent it ill, if I should foretell thy Ruine, and thy Downfall : For ought I know, this will prove as great a Truth as ever our Famous *Partridge* Predicted in his unerring Almanack. I must confess, I long to see such a Sight as was seen a while ago on the *French Coast*, Bonfires made of your Men of War ; and I long to see or hear, that the Army in *Italy*, dwindles to a handful of half starved Men, that they may sing their old mournful Song in a Melancholly Tune, *De la gar, De la gar* ; and I could be glad to see your late made Conquests in *Flanders*, in as hot a Condition, as your *Hay* was lately in *Italy*, that a way may be made to the Metropolis of *France* ; that we may once more have *English* Footing in *Callis*, till another Queen *Mary* suffers it to be lost, or retaken ; and truly heretofore, in a few Summers time, such Sights have been seen by our *English* Predecessors, and we have the same God above, and as stout Men below, as ever the *English* Nation could make their boast of : Then Hey for a turn of Fortune, and a change of Fate ; Hey for King *William*'s Uprising, and the *French* King's Sun-setting, that *Dunkirk* may be returned to those who most deserve it ; a *Popish* King bought it, and a *Popish* King sold it, and I doubt not but e're long, it will fall into some *Protestant* Prince's Hands. If Prayers may prevail, the best of Christians, and the most of Christians, heartily Pray for the Downfal of your Most Unchristian Majesty ; and I am sure, God Almighty wants not for Provocations, to give you up as a Prey to your Enemies. He cannot long look down from his Heavenly Throne, and see such impious Treacheries, irregular Actions, unjust Proceedings, and barbarous Cruelties, and withhold his Angels from unsheathing their Swords, to demand Satisfaction of such a Treacherous Monarch, that by reason

reason of God's Patience and Forbearance, is ready to think that God is become a Copartner in his Villany. Heaven and Earth seem filled with your Violence, and enraged at your Folly and Wickedness ; and certainly, a Shower of Vengeance will shortly come thundering down, to make you as little, as you are now great.

The very *Papists* themselves, groan under a *Papish* King's Government, and how many *Papish* Princes would now be glad, to see this Prince of *Papists* brought low ? Our late stiff *Jacobites*, (as well as my self) that once ador'd you as a God, now begin to turn Tail, and flock in Shoals, to take the Oathes to be true to King *William* ; and why ? because they find you, *vir Nulla fide*, a Man of no Faith, or Honour ; that has no more regard to an Oath, than the Devil has for a Saint, or a Saint for your Holy Water.

Surely, you have forgot that you set up King *James* for a Tool, and pull'd him down for a Fool, set up King *William* for a Brother, and then at the same time made choice of a Bastard for another. Methinks you should have a Book of Remembrance, to set your Follies down in, and then read them over to your Shame. I fancy Age has benumm'd your Senses, for you act not like a Wise Prince ; but like some Hair-brain'd Man in *Bedlam*, that, for want of Consideration, vents whatever the Maggot prompts him to.

What will the World say, to see you thus turn *Cat in the Pen* ? The Wisest will be ready to think that the Grave gapes for you, for you are now in your Doteage : Others will make you a Derision, a Scoff, and a Scorn, and think he's a bold Man, that dares venture to take your Word, though it be but for a *Pistol*, since neither Oathes, Vows, nor solemn Protestations, nor Hand and Seal upon mature Deliberations, can bind you to any Performance, further than a greedy Interest guides you. You have made the Family of the *Bourbons* to Stink, and your self to be hated not only by all good Christians, but even by Barbarians, who have more Truth springing from their Beards, than ever you were Master of. The *Turk* will never take your Word for Two-pence, till you turn *Turk* in good earnest, and learn of them to perform a Vow at a cheaper Rate ; and therefore, never hope to Bribe him any more, to enter into a Legue Offensive and Defensive.

638.
I dare say, the Duke of *Savoy*, and the King of *Portugal*, both wish they were fairly disingag'd from your Interest ; for they may justly fear that your perfidious Actions will draw some Judgments, not only upon your self, but upon all your Adherents, and Accomplices. The Subjects of the Latter, are im-bitter'd against you, and your Adherents ; and are even ready to Rebel against their own King : Their Reproaches against *Frenchmen* are Universal ; Nay, their very Out-Cryes and Curses agaist you, are so Vehement, that (as a Gentleman Writing from *Lisbon* says) if it were possible, they might be heard in *England* : So fearful the Poor *Portugeeze* are of your Tyrannick Yoke ! But indeed, your Brother *Savoy* has pretty well Learn'd to Write after your Copy, and can Crack a League as easily as he can Crack a Nut !

As long as you have Liv'd, speak once the real Truth, (so help you God.) Did you ever find the House of *Nassau* Guilty of the Breach of Promise, or the Violation of a Solemn Oath ? Did they for advantage sake, take any Opportunity to act Un-faithfully ? Notwithstanding some of them have been Treacherously Stabb'd, under a Colour of Love and Peace ? King *William* wou'd rather dye with your Protestant Gally Slaves ? Or be Rack'd to Death by your Protestant Butchers, then falsify his Royal Word once past ? Had you been as kind to your self, as to your Old Mrs. some Men perhaps durst have ventur'd to trust you, but no Prince in Europe now, will regard you any more, than the Devil the great Master, that Taught you, the Father of Lyes.

Is it not enough that God has given you the Large, Sweet, and Fertile Territories of France ; but you must Thirst after *Naboth's Vineyard* ?

What might the World expect from you, if you were sole Emperor thereof ? *Brittannia* you wou'd bind in Chains, and set *Angusta* a Fire ; The Altars of the most High wou'd be Defiled with Breaden Gods, whilst we ourselves are Dragoon'd to fall before 'em ; Nay, what wou'd not Spain it self suffer ? Which now has but just from Hand to Mouth : Instead of Ruffs, they must be glad of Halters, if they do not go and Dig Treasure out of the Mines, to support your Pride. The soft

Italians

639.

A Letter to the F. King.

17

Italians wou'd have no occasion to Compose *Sonnato's*, when instead of Lac'd Pantofles, they must be forc'd to wear Wooden Shoes. In short the whole World wou'd Groan under your Oppression, and wish a second *Ravillac* wou'd send you, as unworthy of the benefits of Nature, into Eternal Darkness.

I Fancy, cou'd you like *Alexander*, Conquer the World, your Ambition is so Boundless, you wou'd try to Conquer the Glorious Regions above ? Or you wou'd Weep because you had no more to Conquer ? In a little time you may take your Dragoons to Hell, and see if you can Conquer the Devil ? And then I'll style you with other Fools, *the most Christian King* ? But I must deal plainly with you, and tell you before Hand, you can Carry no Chests of *Pistoles* to Bribe there ? And you will meet with some, thô not many, as Cunning, as Knavish, as Treacherous, and as Perfidious as your self. All your little Tricks, and designes, all your Shuffling and Cutting, your Swearing and Forswearing, will prove but very little useful for so great an undertaking, in those dark *Dominions*. You may een sit down there, and consider the greatness you had, for you are like to get no more.

And Oh, what Horrour will the Remembrance fill you with ! To think that you might have been happy, and made others so, but that you are fallen now like your Brother *Lucifer*, from the height of Glory, to the lowest degree of Misery : Where no Seranading will be seen, nor no Musick heard, bat Sighing and Howling, Weeping, and Wailing, and Gnashing of Teeth ; And a sad Remembrance, that with *Dives*, you had your *Purple and Scarlet*, your *Court*, and your *Camp*, your *Gold*, and your *Silver*, and every thing else, that a great Prince could desire ; but now not so much as a drop of Cold Water, from your Poor Martyr'd Subjects, to Refresh you with ? How think you, will the Essence of Fire and Brimstone, and the Funk of the Fulsome Smoak, Relish in your Royal Palate ? If you had the Price of your Princely Pallace, the Magnificent *Louvre*, you cou'd expect no better Fare, thô you Eat at Prince *Pluto's* Table ? Will it not be a heightning of your Misery, to consider that the meanest of those Martyrs you hastened to their end shall have Rivers of Everlasting Pleasure, and Eternal Glory with the Great *Jehovah* ; when the Magnipotent *Lewis* shall lye in

A Letter to the F. King.

a Languishing Bed of Flames, still Broyling in Brimstone, and for ever be depriv'd of the least enjoyment of Comfort? Those whom you so despightfully Treated, and thought all their Misery and sufferings too little, shall be led with Triumph to be seated with Choyrs of Angels, whilst you for your Cruelty to them, shall be hurried into utter Darkness.

sd. Boraski, that Murther'd Mr. Thynn, told the Bishop of Salisbury, when he persuaded him to Repent, that he did not question but God wou'd be Merciful to him, as he was a Gentleman; and so he turn'd a deaf Ear to the Charmer, tho he Labour'd to Charm him never so wisely. And preadventure, you may entertain such Thoughts as your greatness may Rescue you from the power of Punishment, but God is no Respecter of Persons? A Lazarus on a Dunghill, that fears God, and Lives in Obedience to his Commandments, shall be remov'd to Abraham's Bosome, when an Ungodly Persecuting King shall be thrown into Hell, and made a Companion for the Devil.

It is not greatness that can save a King,
From Divine Vengeance, nor from Conscience Sting.
It is not Wealth can save, when Sia destroys;
It is the Upright Man, that Heir's Heaven's joyes:
The pure in Heart shall endless bliss Inherit,
God still will highly prize an humble Spirit;
But he resists the Proud, and hates Deceit,
Though it be guarded with much Pomp and State.
I cou'd be glad to hear a Reformation,
Both in the King, and all his Gallick Nation,
I should Rejoyce to find that strange alteration.
I wish some Jonas might be sent by God,
To warn you to be fearful of his Rod:
That you might Mourn in Sackcloth for your Sins,
Before your dreadful Punishment begins:
That God might shew his mercy to your State,
And free you all from your impending Fate.
You cannot Mourn too much, nor mend too soon,
It's worth your striving for, a Heavanly Crown.

God

A Letter to the F. King.

19

God can blot out your Sins, by true Repentance,
But it's too late when he has past the Sentance :
For then ensues your precious Souls damnation,
And the whole World, can yield no Reparation :
I wish I cou'd persuade yon to return,
And for the Blood you've spilt, to Sigh and Mourn ?
But if you will persist in that great Evil,
God must in Justice send you to the Devil ?
And then you must Repent when it's too late,
And Mercy will no more knock at your Gate.
When Death shall seize you in a Christless state,
No power in Heav'n above, can change your Fate.
As the Tree falls, so it must ever lye,
And then the Worm of Conscience cannot Dye.

It's pity that *France* abounds with so many good things, and yet wants almost the chiefest Good ; I mean a number of Soul-searching Ministers, such *Bonaviges* as would search to the quick, and strive to bring you over to a true and saving Knowledge of God. I wish you were well rid of those lazy Drones, that sow Pillows under your Arm-holes, and rock you asleep in your sinful Security ; such as Preach up and maintain a persecuting Spirit, and neglect the great Work of Man's Salvation. May the God of Heaven open your Eyes, that you may see and abhor your selves for your evil Practices, before it be too late : But, alas ! I see small hopes of a Reformation ; all your Strife and Struggling, consists in adding Kingdom to Kingdom, and heaping Wrath against the Day of Wrath : Your Councils are Corrupted, and your Hearts are Corrupted, and your Priests are Corrupted, and your very *Bibles*, the Word of God, are Corrupted, so that if any of you be Saved, it will be as great a Miracle as your Transubstantiation : If there be any yet among you, that has a Zeal to promote the Glory of God, all the Shav'd Heads, or Bald Priests, are ready to Stone him to Death, as if they were resolv'd to cry out with such other like Monsters of Old, *Let us alone, for we desire not the Knowledge of the Ways of God.* Your open and profane Tolleration of Sports and Pastimes on the Sabbath-day, are sufficient Demonstrations of your *unful*

A Letter to the F. King.

sinful Lives, and evident Proofs of your want of Zeal for God : You'll disturb Men for Preaching and Praying, but neither for Playing nor Slaying ; He that is most Ingenious to Invent a new Engine of Cruelty, for the Murther of a Child of God, is reckon'd the fittest Man to serve the King.

What think you, shall you always thrive in your Iniquities ? Will not God Visit you for these Transgressions ? Surely, in a little time, he'll whet his Sword, and take Vengeance of his Enemies : You may for a while flourish like a Green Bay Tree, but he will set you on slippery Places, that you must fall e're long, and superlatively great will be your Destruction : You may suck the Blood of the Saints, but when God comes to make Inquisition for Blood, Woe be to you ; it will be more tollerable for *Sodom* and *Gomorrah*, than for you ; it were better for you, that a Mill-stone were hanged about thy Neck, and thrown into the deepest Sea, than to paddle in the Blood of the Children of God ; for he will visit your Sins to the Third and Fourth Generation of them that so unjustly Persecute his Saints. God may meet with you in this Life, and give a check to your sinful Career, as he did to *Saul*, with a *Why persecutest thou me ?* and it will be happy for you, if he deals thus Graciously by you ; but if he lets you run on to the end of your sinful Race, and suffers you to Dye in an impenitent State, your Condition will be so Deplorable, and your Punishment so Intollerable, that I want Words to express it.

Methinks you should often Dream of those Martyrs, and the Figures of those mangl'd and tortur'd Bodies, should appear in in their proper Shapes where-ever you Walk : Finding no Remorse of Conscience in you, nor from you, I am ready to think, thick Scales hang before your Eyes ; insomuch, that you have *Eyes and see not, Ears and hear not, and your Understanding is darkened*, and your *Judgment blinded*, and you are Seal'd up for Eternal Destruction : God has warned you by his Judgments, by your *Fistulas*, by his Mercies and Protection hitherto, notwithstanding your Dealings have been so unlike a King's, and a Christian's, that you have set all *Europe* in Battle array against you ; but he is ready to say now, *why should he be Stricken any more, let him alone, to fill up the measure of his Iniquities, and then I'll catch him in his own Snare, and let him fall into the Pit he has dug for others.*

God's

A Letter to the French King. 21

65.3-

God's Patience seems to be worn out by the Repetition of your manifold Transgressions, yet he has lately given you one Instance of his Merciful Dealings with you; he suffers you to live whilst your dear Brother the late K. is Summoned to his long Home, it might have been your Lot to have gone before him, but you are still a living Monument of his Mercy: Are these Favours duly Considered, and maturely Deliberated, and Weigh'd in your Thoughts; or is all derived from Chance and Fortune, or some old Priest's Charms, or the Devil's Persuasion that you have got a much longer Lease of your Life? I am afraid you act not Faithfully between God and your own Soul; What means the Bleating of the Sheep? The yet continued Persecution? Your pretending to set up 2 Kings in *England* at one time? The incroaching upon your Neighbours Right? These are no Signs of sincere Repentance; but the day hastens, and the time draws on, when infatuated *Lewis* shall pay dearly for the Breach of his Promise, and involving so many Kingdoms in Blood and War.

You may Flatter your self with Length of Days, and Methusalem's Years; but know that Time has Wings, and flies fast every Moment, your Sands are running, and though Death moves slowly, yet he moves surely, and he that shall come, must come, and will not tarry. There is no dulling the Edge of Death's Scyth, no Bribing that faithful Messenger; no King has yet escap'd his Rage, he will not abate one minute of his Time, for all that you have Fraudulently got by Sea and Land.

Methinks, your Heart shou'd tremble at every fit of Sickness, that comes, and you shou'd be ready to think that great Ambassador Death is sent with a Habeas Corpus to remove you. You shou'd fancy there is not an Inch of Time between you and Eternity, and so up and be doing, least you be for ever undone by your Supine Negligence, and the Hardness of your Heart. When a good King dyes, oh! what a Sorrow does it heap on a State. But when an evil King has finish'd his Reign, how do his Subjects rejoice! Might your banish'd Subjects hear of your Sincere Repentance, how gladly would many of them return to their Obedience! But there's much hopes to see an old Rooted Sinner shake off his vicious Habit. Can a Blackmore change his Skin, or a Leopard his Spots? No more can they part with their darling Sins, that are accustomed to do Evil.

Post-Script.

Just now, Sir! came out the following Address, the Copy of which I think will not be needless to give Your Majesty: 'Tis Hearty, and comes from the Metropolis of Great Britain; and I hear, *Augusta* has put all her Children upon the like Expressions of Christian Loyalty, to their Deliverer and Preserver, which be pleased to take as follows;

To the King's Most Excellent Majesty. The Humble Address of the Lord-Mayor, Aldermen, and Commons of the City of London, in Common Council Assembled,

Great Sir,

WE are deeply sensible, how much we are in Duty Bound, highly to resent that great *Indignity* and *Affront*, offered to Your Most Sacred *Majesty*, by the French King, in giving the Title of *KING of England, Scotland, and Ireland*, to the *Pretended Prince of Wales*, contrary to Your Majesty's Most Just and Lawful Title, and to the several Acts of Parliament for settling the Succession of the Crown in the Protestant Line.

By

A Letter to the French King.

23

645.

By this it is apparent, he Designs, as much as in him lies, to Dethrone Your Majesty, to extirpate the Protestant Religion, out of these Your Majesty's Kingdoms, and to Invade Our Liberties and Properties, for the Maintaining whereof, Your Majesty hath signalized Your Zeal, by so often hazarding Your Precious Life.

We, therefore, Your Majesty's Most Loyal Subjects, do Sincerely, Unanimously, and Clearly, assure Your Majesty, That we will at all Times, and upon all Occasions, exert the utmost of our Abilities, and Contribute whatever lies in our Power, for the Preservation of Your Majesty's Person, (whom God long preserve) and the Defence of Your Just Rights, in Opposition to all Invaders of Your Crown and Dignity.

F I N I S.

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23

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